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RHYMES

AND

SONGS of HOPE.

—BY—
D. O. CURVER,
ORANGE, PA.



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PREFACE.

THE pieces contained in this book were selected from writings published in some of the papers of this and other states, covering a period of about twenty years; with an addition of several pieces of words and music, lately composed by the author,

DAVID OWEN CULVER.

Orange, Pa., February, 1896.

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RHYMES AND SONGS OF HOPE.

OUR HOPES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Of't time we are finding more sorrow than joy,
While our way through the world we are wending ;
There's often much pleasure but more to annoy ;
And together they often are blending.

Of't times we are looking for something beyond,
And from it much pleasure we borrow ;
When the future comes 'round there's naught in the fund,
And our hopes lie dead for the morrow.

Of't times when we think we are holding but gold,
And on it, high hopes we are building ;
It proves in the end we've sadly been sold,—
Tis but dross, thin plated with gilding.

Then some are professing the warmest of love,
And we in return are believing ;
But when we are thinking them true as the dove,
The while they are only deceiving.

Still we find much honor and truth in the world,
While onward in life we are moving ;
Deception and falsehood shall downward be hurled,
While true friendship itself shall be proving.

But, in converse sometimes our friends we offend,
By misunderstandings arising ;
Don't argue the case, matters sooner will mend,
To let them go on with surmising.

If so little we find in this valley of tears,
To cheer, while in darkness we're groping ;
There's something for us in the coming of years,
For which ev'ry one should be hoping.

But while we are hoping right on for the best,
If the storms of life we'd out weather,
If at last in peace we would lie down to rest,
Faith and works should now go together.

ALONE.

Alone, all alone where the night falls,
Away from the tumult and strife,
Where silence is reigning around me,
And nothing is waking in life.
Not a bird is heard in the woodland,
Nor a cricket to chirp in the wall —
All silent save only a murmur,
Which comes from the cataract's fall.

'Tis a place in which I oft linger,
While the hand on the dial moves fast;
Where I see the dream-faces before me,
Which journeyed with me in the past;
Where I wonder why some have but sunshine,
While others have more of the shade;
Why some live far into the autumn,
And others in spring-time do fade.

Here, away from the hurry and bustle,
I think of the struggle for gains
If the strongest succeed in the tussel,
What then has he got for his pains?
But a grave on the hill-side, a casket
Containing a trifle of clay;
A monument built with his money,
Which surely will crumble away.

What then doth it profit to worry
And jostle each other aside!
If so little is gained in the struggle;
If all must be lost in the tide,
Which soon shall come surging and rolling,
To bear us away on the shore,
Where the rich man is never deemed better,
Although he left millions in store.

And now while recalling the old times,
And loved ones to memory dear;
So many have crossed the dark river,
So few now remain with me here;
That it seems I'm away in a dream-land,
Which I knew not in days of the past;
Where the sun shows less of his brightness,
And sooner the shadows are cast.

But oft I see in my dreaming,
 Beyond where the dark shadows fall—
 Beyond all the sorrow and weeping—
 Beyond the low grave and the pall—
 A land we may find in the morning;
 When at last our sun shall go down,
 Where the dear ones are seen through the portals,
 And each one is wearing a crown.

And ev'ry pulse beat we are telling,
 Brings nearer that morning of light;
 Each moment that passes for ever,
 Is nearer the end of the night;
 The day-star already is coming,
 And paler is growing each ray;
 Shall it find us then ready for going,
 Where the night shall be lost in the day.

NOT long since, it will be remembered, Prof. Coles, the Kingston astronomer and inventor, predicted a great blizzard which failed to appear according to schedule time. A poetical correspondent, writing of the prophecy, says, "it is a noted fact that nearly all great men have been held up to ridicule in the beginning of their careers, especially if they have attempted to forecast the future," and in the following lines appeals to the Professor's critics to give him a chance:

AS SEEN THROUGH THE "ELECTRIC EYE."

Look out for the blizzard predicted by Coles,
 And cover your gizzard to protect you from colds;
 Wear shoes of good leather with thickest of soles,
 When comes this bad weather predicted by Coles,
 It will blow down the bridges and abolish the tolls,
 It will level the ridges as well as the knolls,
 Take the roof from the shelter which covers your folds,
 This storm helter-skelter predicted by Coles,
 It will come along soon, from one of the poles,
 When the gas leaves the moon, escaping in rolls;
 Then look, "gee whiz!" and be hunting for holes,
 Where storms have no biz, as predicted by Coles.

One look through his "eye" and the wonder unfolds,
 Whenever the sky at night he patrols,
 Should the bliz. wait 'till September he'll get left on the
 shoals,

But we'll all then remember 'twas predicted by Coles.

He watches the stars which the Creator controls

As they, with old Mars, come 'round to their goals ;

But what he says of ring'd Saturn in driblets and doles,
 Is not a fair pattern of the knowledge of Coles.

We'd have a young moon,* if he's planning the moulds
 To cast it in soon ; why bless your dear souls

On the ledge of old Cambell, for he never cajoles,

It would light the whole valley as predicted by Coles.

If you go out in the night then you'll surely see ghouls ;

Perhaps they'll be tight then and drinking from bowls

The hottest of toddy steeped over the coals ;

I conjecture these things are *not* predicted by Coles.

His electrical eye a mystery enfolds

Which in the sweet by-and-by may be shown better by
 Coles.

Though there may be doubters still the Prof. never
 scolds ;

He cares nothing for scouts, this astronomer Coles.

When the records of fame the student unrolls,

To find a great name put down on the scrolls,

Standing there at the head may appear the name COLES.

Though long he's been dead, this Professor Coles.

*—His great Electric Light.

A JANUARY IN 1890.

The ulster now hangs on a peg in the hall,

The toboggan is under the shed,

If you go for a walk there's nary snow-ball

Comes a whacking you side of the head.

No coaster now, is scooting on sled,

Like a meteor down from the hills,

For he is down with the grip, in his snug little bed

Digesting his powders and pills.

The boys are not skating out on the pond
For the ducks are swimming therein,
While never a sleigh with lovers so fond
Glides by with its ting-a-ting ting.

No icicle now is pendant from eaves,
And we are not pelted with sleet,
The birds are now singing in trees without leaves,
While the mud lies thick in the street.

But the ice-man is sighing and dreams of the time,
When the ice will be thick on the river,
When he'll peddle again in the heat of the sun,
And bring in his bills and deliver.

Now the sage may predict from morn until e'en
What the weather in future will be,
But all we can tell from his prognostics I wean,
Is only, we'll see what we see.

FIRST ROSE OF WINTER, 1890.

YOUR Correspondent picked a rose from a bush in his door-yard, late in November last, and now, January third, the bush is green with leaves.

'Tis the first rose of winter comes blooming alone ; no lovely companions have scooted and gone, for they in the deep earth are lying unborn, 'till the hour of their coming to blush in the morn. Oh! why come the roses when we should have snows, with the frosts on our noses and biting our toes. When the girls in warm clothes should be sleighing with beaux—The truth I suppose is, there's nobody knows. Though mild is the weather, still we have woes, the fact is now plain, the truth I'll disclose. The Czar's influenza from town to town goes which causes so many to sneeze at the nose. And now I will stop, ere you step on my toes. So no more at present just here I will close.

IN THE SILENCE.

In the silence of the midnight,
As I sat and mused alone
While the surging of life's pulses,
Played in melancholy tone
Beating on and beating ever
Seeming as they'd never tire,
Saw I then before me shaping
Letters as of living fire.

And they grouped themselves together
Forming words, each in its place,
And from them I read a lesson
Full of meaning and of grace,
And it taught me to be careful
That I speak no idle word
Lest some one should misconstrue it.
Lest a meaning be inferred.

To be watchful in the sowing,
Lest a seed should fall and grow
In some soil so cold and sterile,
That it yield but pain and woe,
So our life is but a garden,
We are sowers of the seeds
And the fruitage in the autumn,
May be nothing more than weeds.

Sow we on and sow we ever,
Seeds of good or seeds of ill,
And sometimes in tears we sow them
As we journey up the hill ;
Oft our friends think we misjudge them,
Cast on us contempt and blame
When in truth, if they but knew it,
They are judging us the same.

Truest friends should not be parted,
By a false or idle word,
Should not heed the tongue of slander
When it says some one has erred
But should act the same toward them
Kindly meet them day by day,
For the sun may yet be shining
When the mists have rolled away.

If a brother err, forgive him,
 Turning not from him away,
 Tell him then with what you charge him,
 Mayhap a word he has to say;
 Mindful be then of the sowing,
 Sow the seed in proper soil,
 That the harvest will repay you
 For the diligence and toil,

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Could we have known when life was young,
 What the future held in store,
 What of joy or grief to us would come
 In life as we scanned it o'er;
 Could we have known of bitter pain
 Prolonged perhaps for years,
 Of poverty and cruel want
 That yielded not to tears:

How dark the future would have been
 With so little in the giving,
 That many would no doubt have thought
 Such life not worth the living—
 Ah, well for us the book is closed
 And sealed to mortal eye,
 That holds the record of our lives
 As the years go rolling by.

Though clouds may come and make it dark
 And bring a load of sorrow,
 We watch for them to roll away
 And leave a bright to-morrow;
 We ever look beyond to find
 More roses than to-day,
 But as we onward go through life
 They still are far away.

We cannot get all things we want
 Just simply for the asking,
 For oft we have to search for them
 Behind a double masking;

And disappointment comes to all,
For all things are uncertain,
Except that life will surely end,
At the dropping of the curtain.

The present seems to hold for us,
Not much of good or pleasure,
Yet when we've journeyed far along
There still is scanty measure;
And nothing fully satisfies
But still we go on dreaming,
Some day we'll find a paradise
With joy and pleasure teeming.

And thus we paint the future bright
But soon the glint that flashes,
From castles built in naught but air
Is burning them to ashes;
The dearest things we hold in life
The things we fondly cherish,
Will pass beyond the goal of time
And one by one will perish.

How long t'will take it seemeth now,
To reach the westward sloping,
Where lies the stream that we must cross
To make an end of hoping;
But O! how soon we'll reach the shore,
And see the river flowing,
Where the boatman waits with oar in hand
All ready for the rowing.

GOING DOWN TO THE SHORE.

O how swiftly the time is passing away,
Moving on like a rapid stream flowing;
Onward, still onward by night and by day,
With never a pause in its going.

As we go with the time our night will soon come,
On the shore of the great rolling river;
The life tide shall cease and our tongues shall be dumb,
But time will keep going forever.

O what will it be to cross the dark stream,
 To the land in mystery shrouded?
 Will the way be lit up with the day's brightest beam,
 Or will it be shadowed and clouded?

Will signal lights flash to show us the way?
 Will any be calling and urging?
 Shall we then have a doubt, a fear or dismay,
 While the tide shall be foaming and surging?

What thought shall we have as we're drifting along,
 With the soul apart from it's being?
 Shall we catch one strain of the heavenly song?
 And the same eyes be looking and seeing?

Will any one come to welcome us there?
 As on earth we repeated the story—
 Shall we enter the land with never a care,
 All lighted with wonderous glory?

And who will then come of those gone before?
 Will they come with radiant faces,
 To the side of the stream when waves are no more,
 To lead us to heavenly places?

Will they call us by name as in time long ago,
 And ask about those who are sighing,
 In the land far away, the valley below,
 The land of the dead and the dying?

Shall it lessen our joy if we miss any there,
 Whose departure we took as a warning;
 But again thought to meet them in Eden so fair,
 Beyond the dark night in the morning?

But we're told that no sighing or pain shall we feel,
 Ever more in the heavenly ranges—
 That while we inhabit the land of the leal,
 We'll never know sorrow or changes.

Still many do go down the current of life,
 To the goal that is surely awaiting;
 But forget in the care, the turmoil and strife,
 That their craft is too heavy with freighting.

VISION OF JEFF. DAVIS AND THE LIBERTY
BELL JOURNEYING SOUTH.

"Stand back ! stand back !" said Uncle Jeff,
To the Goddess of Liberty ;
" Mayhap you've heard of me before—
I am from Mississippi ! "

" I once did dress in crinoline—
I need not tell you why,
'Till a rude old man, called Uncle Sam,
Did lay my garments by.

" Now I've been asked to guard the bell,
On its journey to the sea ;
And who in all the land shall dare
Dispute the right with me ?

So the gentle maid he pushed aside,
And rudely took her place ;
And a pearly tear was seen to fall,
As she meekly veiled her face.

Then the bell pealed forth, 'twas heard by all,
Above the engine's roar ;
And it sounded much like a funeral knell,
As it echoed the South-land o'er.

Then the Goddess cast her veil aside,
And raised on high her hand ;
And quick the bell was festooned 'round,
As if by a magic wand.

And grinning skulls from Andersonville,
Were seen dangling all around,
While many a bone from Libby's vaults,
Did beat with mournful sound.

And widow's moans, and orphan's wails,
Were mingled with the din,
While stony eyes with direful stare,
Glared at the man of sin.

And Jeff, affrighted, quaked with fear ;
He shook in every limb,
He thought each moment that the earth
Would open and swallow him.

But a Mugwump soon approached old Jeff,
And whispered in his ear;
Then a "bloody shirt" from his grip sack took,
And muffled the old bell dear.

The bell and Jeff then traveled on,
Toward the Crescent City gate,
While many along the line did cry,
"Behold our Chieftain great."

But the Goddess quickly took her flight,
Toward the Quaker City far,
And hovered o'er the vacant hall,
Like a brilliant beaming star.

TOBOGGAN.

The pilgrim returned from the faraway west,
Seeking kindred and friends he loved the best,
But the greeting was cold, I'll be blest,
They were all going to Boggan

His sister he sought, with a tear in his eye,
"She is married," they said, "and lives hard by;"
Her husband he found with a baby to cry,
She had just gone to Boggan.

His brother he met just out on the street,
With a far away look, while him he did greet,
He seemed in a hurry, and wished to retreat.
He was going to Boggan.

"But stay, brother, stay! Our mother?" he cried,
A voice on the wind floated back and replied;
"Was not at the burying, last Monday she died."
I took best girl to Boggan."

With sadness of heart and something to dread,
He called on the one he had promised to wed,
Her manner was cold, "excuse me," she said,
"I'm just going to Boggan."

As again on the street he wandered along,
A man on a litter was borne with the throng,
Another was carried on a stick with a prong,
They were all going to Boggan.

And many were seen, hard at him to stare,
Where mingled the gay, the homely, the fair,
While many did say, "of course you're aware,
We are all going to Boggan"

"Oh where's this place," he did ask in amaze.
For about it the people all seemed in a craze,
I never had seen the like in my days,
Oh, where, oh, where is Boggan?

While onward he went with thoughts bitter as dregs,
Quick as a flash he was knocked off his pegs,
"Tis nothing," he said, "though broken my legs,
For I have got to Boggan."

And now, young men, all heed this warning of mine,
Beware of the motor that giveth no sign,
When you go for a walk, just ride an engine,
Then you won't get to Boggan.

WILLIE AND WINIFRED.

A youth once lived in a rural town,
Who had neither house nor lands;
He was moulded fair and true as steel,
But he labored with his hands.
And he loved a fair young maiden then,
As any one could see;
And they talked of love together oft,
Beneath the linden tree.

But after time had rolled apace,
Her parents said him nay—
He left his darling then in tears,
And wandered far away;
But ere he went he said "my love,
When wealth shall come to me,
I'll come again to Winifred,
Beneath the linden tree.

Then dear words came, but not to her,
Her parents stood between;
"You'll wed the banker's son," they said,
"When trees again are green"
Long years went by but Winifred,
A bride would never be,
For she was fading day by day,
Beneath the linden tree.

And never a word did come to her,
From Willie far away;
But still she sat and mourned alone,
For many a weary day.
"Why don't he come," at last she cried,
"For tears are blinding me"—
They found her there, so white and cold,
Beneath the linden tree.

And many times the birds did sing,
And flow'rs did come and go,
And summers came and passed away,
And winter with its snow.
But silent was one little spot,
Not far beyond the lea,
Where a little mound was seen to rise,
Beneath the linden tree.

An aged man passed through the town,
His hair was turning gray.
He saw a name upon a stone,
Beside a lonely way:—
The angels came and took him then,
And so they both were free.
His clay lies by sweet Winifred,
Beneath the linden tree.

And many a tender heart grows sad,
Down there where daisies bloom,
And many a silent tear yet falls,
Upon that little tomb:
And sometimes lovers plight their troth,
The story comes to me,
Above the dust of Winifred,
Beneath the linden tree.

SOMETIME I WILL KNOW.

Sometime I will know why the eyes were dimming,
In which I'd been looking so fondly for years ;
Which once were so full of a gladness o'er brimming,
And melted so quickly with pity to tears.

Sometime I will know why the cheeks that were glowing
With a tinting of red like the roses in June,
Were looking so pale and paler still growing—
While the pallor of death was coming so soon.

Sometime I will know why the heart that was beating
With warmth and affection, was stilled in a breath—
Why the pulses oft measure a life that is fleeting
Away in its morning o'ertaken by death.

Sometime I will know why a husband is weeping
And mourning so early the loss of a wife
Gone past the death portals away from his keeping—
Never to waken again into life.

Sometime I will know why the parents are taken,
Leaving children behind unsheltered by home—
By relatives all forgot and forsaken,
Doomed ever in life among strangers to roam.

Sometime I will know why the innocent languish
Behind prison bars 'till aged and gray,
While the guilty for whom they suffer in anguish,
Are permitted to walk unmolested away.

Sometime I will know why the rich man through cheating,
Is living in splendor and sumptuously fed,
While the poor man he's robbed goes off without eating,
Or stifles his hunger by begging for bread.

Sometime I will know why at the election,
The honest man runs behind in the race,
While the rogue through fraud, without fear of detection,
So easily wins the coveted place,

Sometime I will know why a minister labors,
For riches and honor instead of for souls,
Why a member's a traitor to the church and his neighbors
If he votes conscientiously when he goes to the polls.

Sometime I will know why some that we trusted,
 In days that are gone, are so full of deceit;
 But when all things shall be rightly adjusted,
 They'll count with the chaff instead of the wheat.

Sometime I will know why we cannot tell better
 The old story so oft repeated before:
 When our tongues shall be loosened and broken each fetter;
 We'll tell it with rapture on the beautiful shore.

Sometime I will know why our bodies shall slumber
 For years in the tomb and crumble to dust,
 While our spirits shall dwell with the heavenly number,
 And sing with the ransomed the songs of the just.

Sometime I will know what the bountiful Giver
 Has provided for us and soon will reveal,
 When we've passed through the vista and across the dark
 river,
 To catch the first glimmer in the land of the leal.

Sometime I will know why the vision is clouded,
 And we grovel in dark in the valley below,
 Discerning so little of mysteries shrouded—
 Sometime I will know, yes, sometime I'll know.

THE CHOLERA.

'Twas an awful contagion, to New York it came,
 Across the great ocean, to set up a claim;
 And many did tremble at the sound of its name,
 Seeking to flee.

It lodged in the alleys but there was espied.
 In rage and corruption seeking to hide.
 And some did fall victims, though to shun it they tried,
 Seeking to flee.

But soon it was hunted through streets and by lane,
 By uniformed men and citizens plain;
 At last it was cornered in the great quarantine,
 Seeking to flee.

By many 'tis said, 'twill come in the spring,
 Again o'er the deep, and misery bring;
 Oh! it is awful, that monster and king,
 When seeking for me.

Oh! I do hope it will stay over there;
 It would do us much damage and raise a big scare,
 It would knock out in one round the Columbian fair,
 If it got on a spree.

'Tis easy to catch it, though it travels by rail,
 And sometimes it's found to be going by mail;
 You never will have need to put salt on its tail,
 Or invite it to tea.

It comes like a phantom to the rich and the poor,
 Though they live in a palace or a hut on the moor;
 It makes no distinctions when out on a tour,
 Roaming so free.

'Tis cholera infantum and adultum, too,
 If it passes me by I never will rue
 The day I got slighted, just a few,
 Will you? will you?

THEN SAID OLD LUZERNE "LET MY PEOPLE GO!"

Down, down with the toll on the bridges I say!
 Let every one pass with carriage or sleigh—
 When fingers are cold it is a great curse,
 To loosen the strings of a ha f-empty purse.

After going for miles o'er mountain and ridge,
 I'm b'est if I care to be stopped at the bridge,
 By a gentleman there on the bank of the river,
 To hold me right up to stand and deliver.

The county is able to pay for the racket;
 The people I'm sure are willing to back it—
 If taxes at first are made a bit high,
 They will tumble again "in the sweet by and by."

There's one thing now I will say on the sly;
If any one fearing steep taxes does sigh;
Not a bit longer let it rest on your soul;
You can pay extra taxes by saving your toll.

And every one now should "acknowledge the corn,"
By giving due credit to writer "Inkhorn,"
For the work he has done in the great enterprise,
And value his pencil according to size.

The Telephone, Record and Pittston Gazette,
Will win on this line I am willing to bet—
Then go for free bridges I'll with you agree—
If you can't think of my name you can spell
D. O. C.

CRITICISM.

EDITOR PITTSTON GAZETTE: I saw in your last paper
an article, handling the author of "The Homestead," without
gloves. Now:

I'm not afraid of the old critic,
Of old "Three Score," the analytic;
Now he can just take this and pick it,
And point out every little flaw,
And call it crude and very raw,
Or say he sees just what he saw,
And to the world may go and show it;
They'll only see he ought to know it,
That I can write just like a poet.
With him I will not raise a clamor
Upon this piece I'll let him hammer
To see if he can find bad grammar.
And if he likes, when at his leisure,
In any way that suits his pleasure,
I'd have him find a faulty measure.
And if he does not lack the time,
Can scan it o'er with care, for I'm
Convinced 'tis all in perfect rhyme.
I do not write alone for fame,
Nor yet to have an honored name;
"Perfection" is my only aim.

I'll try to make "expressions clear,"
 So nothing from this "volunteer"
 Shall grate too harshly on his ear,
 I think at this he will not mutter,
 But call it just the best of "butter,"
 'Twill cause his very heart to flutter,
 Now I have aimed right at perfection,
 And any one within this section,
 If I have missed can make correction.
 And all may freely criticise,
 Whene'er this comes before their eyes;
 And old "Three Score" until he dies.
 My years do not foot up three score,
 I'm only two and something more;
 And now old "Three" can take the floor.

OWED TO THE MUGWUMP.

Say, Mugwumps, have you heard from Beecher,
 'Tis de latest batch of news—
 How he talk mighty funny for a gospel preacher
 'Bout de selling of de pews?
 'Pears some don't like him for a teacher,
 An' want him for to git,
 For he's gone an' been a 'litical screecher,
 An' made himself unfit.

CHORUS—Now, Beecher, go! Ha! ha!
 Befo' dey sell de pews,
 For it's plain to all that it isn't delightful
 A standin' in your shoes.

He say he make a resolution,
 A friend to ne'er forsake,
 If ever caught in his condition
 An' 'cused of being a rake;
 So he slid out de 'publican party
 An' left dem in de lurch,
 An' turn his back on all de members
 Of his own dear Plymouth Church.

If we had gone for Jefferson Davis
 For President of de States,
 He wouldn't a let his mighty wrath
 Fall down on all our pates.
 Sometimes he say 'twas dis,
 Sometimes he say 'twas dat,
 An' I guess 'twould puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer
 To know what he is at.

Now he kneel down at de Plymouth altar
 An' shed de 'tential tear;
 An' I spec he 'gins to feel mighty scaly
 'Bout de fifteen thousand a year,
 For no cabin office looms in de distance,
 An' the Mugwumps are down in de mouf,
 An' I guess next time he will know better
 Dan to join the Solid Souf!

— — —

THE BIG BUST.

— — —

" Now I will tell to you a story,
 Which contains but little glory,
 About a bank that lately went to smash;
 And it was run by Rockafeller,
 Who for years with his bank teller,
 Had been gathering in the people's cash.

How the people all did wonder,
 As when they heard that clap of thunder.
 Lately in the winter sky;
 For the bank which they had trusted,
 In which they thought their dollars rusted,
 Without a moment's warning had run dry.

And to all it was surprising;
 For not a soul could be devising,
 Where had gone their treasured pelf;
 'Twas safe, they thought, as in Gibraltar,
 To make deposits none did falter,
 For fear of any lurking elf.

And scores there were in every station,
 In private or in corporation,
 Who suffered loss in the collapse,
 And for days they did not give up,
 Trusting that the bank would pay up,
 Yes, the bank would pay up—that is perhaps.

Now they weep within their closets,
 O'er the loss of their deposits,
 Which have drifted far beyond their ken,
 With a lump above their collars,
 For their sorely needed dollars,
 Will be returned unto them—when?

OWED TO WILDE.

Oh, great æsthetic Oscar Wilde,
 Somehow they say thou art beguiled
 To think that thou art nature's child;
 And so thou hast looked up and smiled.

But Os, oh, please do not get riled,
 Some think in making, thou wert spiled—
 That th' structure was but illy piled;
 And that thy head was too soft biled.

ADVICE GRATUITOUS.

If long thy teeth, I'd have them filed—
 If th' hat don't shed, please have it tiled,
 For fear thy raiment may get siled,
 And ruffle thy sweet temper mild.

If red thy hair, I'd have it styled
 The fashion, pure and undefiled;
 And every hour I'd have it iled,
 And plaited with a sun-flower wild.

Don't call Atlantic "too old styled,"
 And pray to have it far exiled;
 Niagara ne'er was so well isled,
 It ne'er produced an Oscar Wilde!

ADVICE INTERMEDIATE.

If long thy ears don't have them cropped,
So long already they have flopped;
By many now the hint is dropped:
Thou art an ass(thetic)—it can't be stopped,

ADVICE GRA-TOO.

If long thy nose, pray let it be
An æsthetic curiosity;
And say "'tis just the style for me"—
No more "too utter," D. O. C.

— — —

LA GRIPPE.

We hear it each day from many a lip,
'Bout the great influenza which came in a ship;
That he came like a flash with a bound and a skip,
This awful contagion, this mighty la grippe.

How some he has seized with a mighty strong grip,
And some has touched lightly with only a nip;
While some he has caught with a lock at the hip—
This awful contagion, this mighty la grippe.

Oh! I'd rather be kicked with a number ten kip,
Or on a runaway car take a trip,
Than to come once under the lash of his whip,
This awful contagion, this mighty la grippe.

On wormwood and gall most gladly I'll sip,
Or even in an ice-cold bath take a dip,
And hang for an hour on a clothes line to drip,
But my latch-string isn't out to this mighty la grippe

There's no use to fight or yourself to equip,
For his bullets would fly with a whistle and zip,
You cannot evade him or give him the slip,
This awful contagion this mighty la grippe.

For beauty or age he cares not a fip,
He'll ask you no questions but give you a clip,
'Though you are a giant or only a snip,
This awful contagion, this mighty la grippe.

Then the doctor will come if with him you stip-
 Ulate every day to give him a tip,
 When you open your purse he'll take every chip,
 And never will leave 'till gone is your scrip.

Yes, soon from you every cent he will strip,
 He'll have his own way, so just let him rip,—
 I've had it myself, but now I feel flip,
 This awful contagion, this mighty la grippe.

CURIOUS RYMING.

THE following verse contains all the letters in the English alphabet, except the letter "E." It is a question whether any other English rhyme may be produced in print without the letter "E," which is a letter employed more than any other :

A jovial swain
 May rack his brain
 And tax his fancy's might,
 To quiz in vain,
 For 'tis most plain,
 That what I say is right.

The above appeared in the Pittston Gazette of the 26th ult., and a correspondent has sent us the following to disprove the assertion therein made. The author is indeed a poetical genius. Go up head, "D. O. C.":

Richart and Hart,
 Although so smart
 To jump at a quick conclusion.
 Zounds! I'm a fox,
 Whom your vain knocks,
 Can't bring into confusion.

For I am willing,
 To pay a shilling
 To pack you in a box;
 Don't squirm and jump,
 Nor quiz this trump,
 I hold with vim your locks.

I am a vain, a jolly girl,
With auburn locks and many a curl,
I am anxious for sport and not a bit lazy,
If you squint this way you will find a daisy.

I am just as quick and spry as a fox
As I go walking on my hocks.
If I had wings I'd buzz 'round with vim,
And light upon a hickory limb.

I'd tax my skill and try to flop,
On a mountain high with a bound and a hop.
Zounds! I would vault from crag to crag,
Jump quickly down and would not brag.

Who shall say it but a wizzard?
If our man is Grant or Izzard?
Quit grumbling now, nor tax your brain,
Just stop such work, 'tis all in vain.

Don't coax your funny man to say,
Or quiz to know who is O. K.
For valiant J. G. B., 'tis plain,
May jump at last upon his train

Old Sammy T., that sly old fox,
Hancock may vanquish with hard knocks,
Or Bayard may just zig-zag in
And pull old Sam right out his skin.

All rivals now can squirm and fight,
Buzz 'round, wax wroth, or fall in fright;
But join with us and stop your clack,
Or you may show that brains you lack.

THE HOOP SKIRT IS COMING.

The hoop skirt is coming, they say, with a rush,
To block up the side walk and crowd us in slush;
Then our feet will get soiled in the mud and the dirt,
For we'll have to give way to the coming hoop skirt.

If we go for a ride on the electric car,
'Twill follow us there our pleasure to mar;
If we wish for a moment with a lady to flirt,
She'll not see the signal beyond her hoop skirt.

Perhaps we can stand if we hold to a strap,
Or tumble headlong in some fair maiden's lap;
Then every sweet lassie will be on the alert,
To catch a young fellow plump into her skirt.

The doors must be widened to let her pass through;
She'll have a tight squeeze if she gets in a pew;
If we go to a theater or to a concert,
We'll be crowded to death by the coming hoop skirt.

If a lover proposes to the girl of his choice,
He'll have to halloo at the top of his voice;
"I'll be a sister to you," if she chances to blurt,
He'll wish her in Hong Kong along with her skirt.

If he wishes to kiss her with brotherly love,
He can do so by climbing to the ceiling above,
And kiss her, head downward, and give her a squeeze,
If his feet are suspended from a hanging trapeze.

Though his feet will be up and his head will be down,
He'll have business relations with every girl in the town;
If there's a girl in the world who don't like a kiss pert
She's double stone dead and don't wear a hoop skirt.

Now something must be done to bridge o'er the trouble
Which is caused by the skirt blown up like a bubble;
I will go to work soon and myself will exert,
To get up a plan for a new fangled skirt.

I will patent a hoop—a novel contractor—
Which in matters of love will be a great factor;
She can press it together, 'tis like a telescope planned,
By touching a button with her dear little hand.

Then every true Jack can go to his Gill,
And court as in yore, or court as he will;
For ere long every girl will become an expert,
And manipulate at will her adjustable skirt.

I'm a friend to the ladies although I'm not young;
I'd speak in their praises if I had to be hung;
And I never, no never, their feelings would hurt
By waging a war against the hoop skirt

So I would just use it to make a large coop,
Where chickens could roost while growing for soup;
Or as soon as I could, the thing would invert,
And make a waste basket of the coming hoop skirt.

I make no objections to the skirt don't you see,
But the lady, she might make objections to me;
For to speak out more plainly right here I'll insert:
'Tis the wearer I'm after, instead of the skirt.

“WE NEED A CHANGE.”

“We need a change” ’twas said in the grange,
On dry goods box and barrel;
By Democrats who wore high hats,
And dressed in fine apparel.

“Go vote for Grover and you’ll be in clover,
And get a dollar and a quarter,
For all the wheat the folks can eat,
Or grind in mill and mortar.”

’Twas all pretence, for sixty cents
Is all the wheat is bringing;
And the farmers all, “after the bawl,”
Some doleful songs are singing.

Well, we’ve got the change, but oh! how strange,
It is not in our pockets.
If you’ll but mind I think you’ll find
The change in the county docket.

The change is great in Jersey State,
For that’s the way they pen it,
They’re in a muss and a terrible fuss,
And run a dual Senate.

And Mary Lease can't keep the peace,
With Populist Lewelling;
That she's bound to fight with all her might,
The papers all are telling.

Grove took a pill called "the Queen Lil,"
But it had too large dimensions;
So he got choked while Hokey Hoked
Away the soldiers' pensions.

The Wilson bill is another pill
The people hate to swallow;
'Twould not protect the business wrecked,
And evils dire would follow.

Now President Dole will sure control
And hold the situation,
While Lilli's throne will sure be blown,
Away to thunderation.

If Congress now raises a row,
And the President impeaches,
Then Adlai won't sigh a sigh
But gather plums and peaches.

Now they should know if they don't go slow,
And quickly stop their folly,
That next November every member
Will be thrown off his trolly.

WHEN I SHALL BE GONE.

O, who will inhabit this old cottage home,
In days that are coming when I shall be gone?
When o'er the green hillsides no longer I roam,
Or sit by the window to gaze at the lawn?
Where children once played, then to riper years grew,
And made the old cottage so cheerful and bright,
Where we parted with some, when the reaper went through,
That passed through the shadows to wake in the light!

Shall the prattle of children, again in these halls,
 Wake echoes which now have been silent so long?
 When the lights in the parlor cast a glow on the walls,
 Will they come then together for music and song?
 Will they go to the bridge o'er the brook in the lane,
 When the rains are melting the ice and the snow,
 To look on the waters from mountain and plain,
 As they leap in white foam to the valley below?

Will they watch then the nesting of birds in the trees,
 With youthful delight when the summer draws nigh,
 As they swing on the limbs to and fro in the breeze,
 Or depart and be lost in the blue of the sky?
 Will they hunt the wild flowers in the hedge and the glen,
 And weave them together in garlands so fair?
 In silence avoiding the old haunted den,
 While homeward returning o'er the rocky waste bare!

If the dear ones remaining shall wander away,
 And come not again till the days are long drawn;
 Will it sadden their hearts if strangers hold sway,
 In the home of their childhood when I shall be gone?
 But should the old cottage be standing no more,
 A gloom would be there, like the shadow of night;
 If they never again could enter the door,
 Of the old cottage home where they first saw the light.

FOR HARRISON AND MORTON.

When James G. Blaine has crossed the main
 He'll get a grand reception;
 Then Democrats who wear plug hats,
 Will hear about protection.
 For straight away the papers say,
 The tariff he'll exhort on;
 And facts will show why we should go
 For Harrison and Morton.

We hear of late of the doubtful state
 Out west called Indiana,
 There they'll wipe their feet when they leave the street
 Upon the red bandanna,

They'll get enough, though up to snuff,
We'll give them snuff to snort on,
And raise the flag above the rag
For Harrison and Mor on.

We'll win New York with men from Cork,
And Jersey we will carry.
We have no fears but Ben four years
Will in the White House tarry.
Old Johnny Bull shant raise our wool,
Nor much our income shorten;
The English ram isn't worth a ———,
With Oregon for Morton.

The friends of Mills had best take pills
To straighten up their livers;
Third Party brigade take lemonade
For fear they get the shivers.
Our temperance plank with their's will rank,
It would support a garrison;
O'er it will walk, though Mugwumps talk,
Our leader, brave Ben Harrison.

A PETITION FOR FREE BRIDGES.

O, give us free bridges when o'er them we stroll,
While carting produce or hauling our coal;
While riding for pleasure, as onward we bowl,
Let up and be easy, don't ask us for toll.
Now lend us your aid—yes, ev'ry good soul;
Then no longer our money in driblets we'll dole,
Or look at the tender with cheek then, by jole.
When he steps from his office demanding the toll.
The farmers in valley, on mountain and knoll,
Should you canvass the county the voters to poll,
Would sign a petition down square on the scroll,
To give us free bridges and abolish the toll.
The county will never get left in a hole,
As long as the people the business control;
And all would be right when they got to the goal—
And taxes would not be as high as the toll.

If the people oppose it no boat will I troll,
When the river I'd cross or wade on a shoal ;
Nor yet go 'round 'way toward the north pole—
I've still a few cents to pay up my toll.

But I will be happy as a cat with a mole,
If collectors no longer the bridges patrol ;
If no more I am stopped when o'er them I roll,
To give my last change demanded for toll.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

ORANGE, PA., March 29, 1867.

Now, Rebecca and Wright Lowry,
'Though my language be not flowery,
I will write to you a letter,
Write that you have been our debtor,
Debtor to a visit made you,
Since the last one that we paid you.

And I hope that you are all right,
Healthy, happy with your man Wright ;
That well are all the Lowry off-shoots,
'Though they wear the large or small boots ;
Wear them on the old plantation,
Or far away in any station.

From your home on Lackawanna,
To our abode on Susquehanna,
There have come not many tidings,
Since we had with you confidings ;
Know we little since beside you,
Whether weal or woe betide you.

Met your son last fall on Camp ground,
Heard from you while we did tramp 'round,
Knew him quick as I did face him,
'Though he thought I couldn't place him,
So himself did introduce and,
Speak before my tongue was loosened.

Talked of farming and potatoes,
Of corn, of turnips and tomatoes,
And other things, while we were roaming,
In the camp of old Wyoming ;—
Soon we parted went to dinner,
Where did meet the saint and sinner.

Now in the balance I'm not found wanting,
Of course you will not think I'm vaunting ;
Thirteen score pounds I now am weighing,
And so the people all are saying,
According to their calculation,
I beat the ruler of the nation.

Of course you've heard that Mary Culver
Is married, yes the whole of her ;
Is now the wife of one George Evans,
" Right smart," happier than in the heavens,
Is an " F. F. V." and cutting figures,
Away down South in the land of niggers.

Enough of this, you'll get disgusted,
And wish that time my pen had rusted ;
Or, that I was an ancient mummy,
A tobacco sign, a wooden dummy,
Or that some one to cut a caper,
Had cabbaged all my writing paper.

If you look for sense and do not find it
In this letter, don't you mind it ;
For much the poet often loses,
If he fails in courting muses ;
I've failed so oft that now I'm sure
I am not a charming wooer.

Read it not 'till you receive it,
I think 'twi'll help you to believe it ;
If naught you find within the letter
That cheers a bit or makes you better ;
'Tis not my fault for I have tried to,
And e'en a' most I would have died to.

Now come with Saratoga packet,
For a jolly few day's racket.
For I think 'twould be exquisite ;

Just to have an old time visit,
Yes with she that was "Beck" Jenkins,
If you doubt it read my inkins.

Yes! Rebecca and Wright Lowry,
Come in sunshine or when showery,
Come and see your old friend D. O.
Ere your lamp of life shall burn low,
Come and eat your mess of pottage,
With him in his little cottage.

D. O. C.

A GRANGER'S OBSERVATIONS.

HO, all ye sons of the old Keystone, ere long there'll be another cyclone, which will cause the Democrats to groan o'er the fate of the man who with his little quill vetoed the soldier's burial bill. We'll snow him under and do it so neat, he'll need no stone at his head or feet; and then to make the job complete, we'll bake him up in the little crematory preparing now by Delemater. Then R. E. P. will need no grave, for his ashes we will carefully save, and send them to the Bradford knave who bears the name of Emory—and we'll mark the package "X. Y. Z."

Our dogs of war o'er hill and valley, forth from every nook will sally, and when they make the final rally the poor little curs of J. B. Reynolds will slink away into their kennels. When the battle is o'er and the victory won, and silent and spiked is every gun, and the war clouds rolled away from the sun, we'll drink a health to G. W. Shonk, though we pop a thousand bottles of cronk.

Where then will be the Bodle Walter, who placed himself on the granger's altar, thereby Republicans to halter? Gone up in smoke just like a rocket, with nary a cent left in his pocket, while we again will have the glory to be represented by E. A. Coray

ORANGE.

DEAR GAZETTE: I have often been asked, "Where is Orange?" while traveling in different parts of the country; so, for those who do not know, I will say that it is situated in Franklin township, about three miles west of the Susquehanna river and two miles south of Wyoming county, and is generally known as Pincherville. It is quite an ancient looking place, having been known as a village about seventy-five years ago. It is composed of about twenty dwellings with two church-s, two hotels, one store and postoffice, one blacksmith shop, one

harness shop and one school house. Two physicians reside in the place, but we have no lawyers, railroads, telegraphs or telephones. Still we are not without news, for we have a daily mail.

One of our hotels did not apply for a license this year and the other was not granted a license because a remonstrance was presented against it, signed by about one hundred and twenty citizens of the township. On account of this, some are predicting a terrible state of affairs for the future by declaring that business will be ruined and property depreciate to one-half its value. If a hotel would be of so much benefit to the place in the future, why has it failed to boom in the past? There has been no boom here for several years that anybody could see, hear or smell, except the whisky boom, which has boomed day in and day out, while nothing else has boomed worth a cent, until the place is as dead as a door nail, with two Egyptian mummies thrown in to boot. Ten to twenty years ago we had two blacksmith shops in full blast, and sometimes two wagon shops, and all running day and night. Where are they now? Not even the echo of a hammer answers where; and property is not worth half as much as it was fifteen years ago. What has caused all this? Verily not the absence of a hotel, for whisky has been sold right along whether licensed or not. If *whisky* is the key that unlocks the business of a place, and sets its wheels in motion, I think we had better procure a new lock, for the key don't seem to fit the one we have here.

The idlers now can meet no more to while away a Sunday,
Or sit around the checker board and domino on Monday;
O yes they will and drink again from the jug they keep in hiding,
For they are nice good moral men, and always law-abiding.

Cold water now will be their drink, and they will all keep steady;
For them 'twill be the very thing, 'tis always cheap and ready;
But on their stomachs it would not set, 'twould cause an inflammation,
So they will take a little gin just for the circulation.

In summer when 'tis very hot, cold water is not cooling;
With soda drink or lemonade, I think they'll not be fooling;
But whisky is the very thing to warm them up in winters;
Cold water would congeal inside and bust them all to splinters.

Now I shall go for stagger-juice, for the good of all my neighbors;
We'll beat the anti-whisky ring, before we cease our labors;
That is, we'll beat it so, I think, the drunkards all will vanish;
For we'll never stop 'till rum and gin, and all such trash we banish.

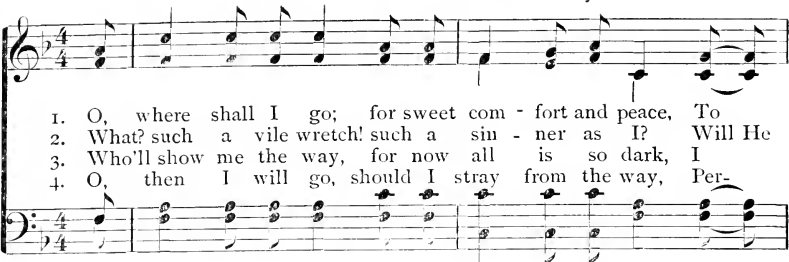
FIRST EPISTLE OF TIMOTHY TO THE HOLLOWITES.

NOW it came to pass after many days, and peace having dwelt in all the land, my father appeared again unto me, saying; "Son, arise, and make thee haste, for a scribe is again needed to declare unto the people concerning their folly and vile wranglings. For my bones were again disturbed, and I could not rest until I had sought to warn thee of their various misdeeds; and knowing that thou wert a dutiful son while I was upon earth, I will leave all in thy hands." My


father then departed and gathered himself to the bones of his kindred, and I am left with a heavy weight upon me, pressing me even down to the earth. Nevertheless I will give heed to the sayings of my father, that peace may again dwell over all the land, even among the Hollowites. For behold, the strife, which in aforetimes did wax so hot among the Pincherites, is long abated. For they did hearken unto my sayings, so that peace and contentment now dwell among them, insomuch that they are an exceedingly favored people—in a land flowing with milk and honey. For behold the husbandman laboring in the field or pruning the vineyard, the smith busy at the forge, and the worker of leather again in favor with the people. For Seymour hath long departed and journeyed into a far country. Now therefore, oh ye Hollowites! I would that, seeing them so favored, ye would also hearken unto my sayings. For ye say that certain teachers of a new doctrine have come among you, trying to create strife and discord, seeking to usurp the place of the rulers, that they may obtain favor in the eyes of the people and gather unto themselves followers. And these are some of the things which they did utter against certain ones of the flock: "That they were given to the use of a vile weed, which was a filthy practice, a stench in the nostrils of the true believers of the gospel and an abomination in the sight of the Lord." Now the chief ruler was sore grieved at these sayings, for he it known he had long been an user of the weed and his father before him. And he waxed exceeding wroth, insomuch that there arose a great dispute among them. And one of the new sect did turn away on the other side and utter grievous things against the chief ruler, thereby to silence him even in his own house. Moreover they did go out from the temple and did visit many habitations round about, being partakers of meat. Now they did counsel the people to embrace their doctrines and erect new altars in their households. And certain ones were beginning to give heed to their teaching, so that the chief ruler, fearing his flock might become divided and stray from the fold, did bar the door of the temple against them. And they were forced to depart for a season. But after certain days they did seek to return, and did cause word to be sent to the Hollowites that they would appear again on the Sabbath day to worship in the temple. Now these things coming to the ears of the chief ruler, he did again cause the door of the temple to be closed against them. But the chief ruler having secret enemies, a runner was sent to warn them and they did withhold their coming. So that the multitude which had assembled did depart, each to the place of his abode. Therefore, oh my brethren! hearken unto one who is called to watch over you. Be not over hasty in turning strangers from your midst, but forbear rather with patience unto long suffering. Take not offence when they chide you concerning your evil practices. Be not full of anger. For is it not written that you shall be persecuted and all manner of evil sayings uttered against you? Strive so to walk that a stranger coming among you shall discover no evil. For, if your enemies be clean, be ye also clean. And think ye not by so doing that ye are casting a reproach upon your fathers. Be not envious of one another. Utter no vile sayings against thy brethren, but rather have fellowship one with the other. And give not heed to a vile pretender who has come among you in false apparel, calling himself Peter P. Eater. Verily, he is seeking to rob me of my fame which has gone forth throughout all the land by repeating many of my sayings. Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing, and be led not astray. And now, brethren, I will watch over ye for a season. Be ye, therefore, steadfast, that thy prosperity may be ever like unto that of the Pincherites.

TIMOTHY PINCHER.

Words and Music by D. O. CULVER.



1. O, where shall I go; for sweet com - fort and peace, To
 2. What? such a vile wretch! such a sin - ner as I? Will He
 3. Who'll show me the way, for now all is so dark, I
 4. O, then I will go, should I stray from the way, Per-




throw off this bur - den of care? Long, long I've been seek - ing to
 hear a pe - ti - tion from me? Will He par - don my sins when for
 fear I will nev - er get there; The road is nar - row with
 haps He'll be com - ing for me; And the light of His love will shine

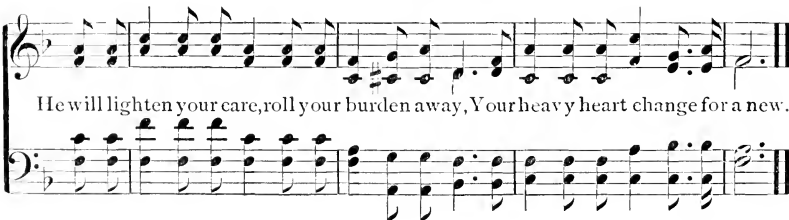


find a re - lease, For the bur - den is heav - y to bear.
 mer - cy I cry? My soul then from bond - age set free?
 scarce - ly a mark, O, will it be light - ed by pray'r?
 bright - er than day, And help a poor sin - ner to see.

CHORUS.

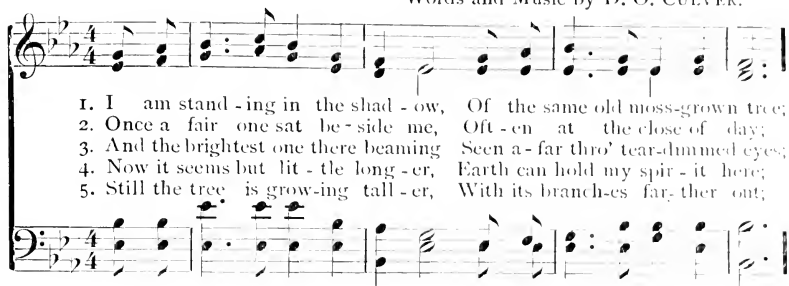


To the cross, to the cross no longer delay, The Sav - ior is wait - ing for you;

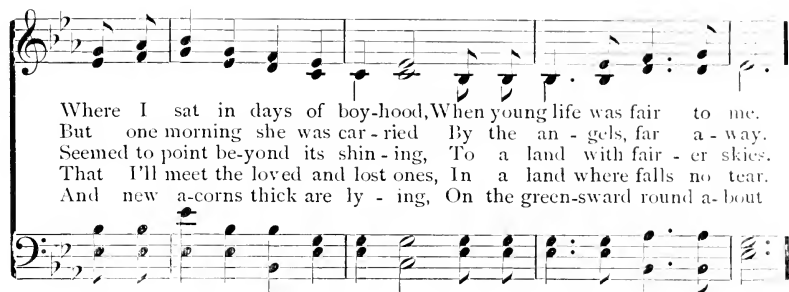


He will lighten your care, roll your burden away, Your heavy heart change for a new.

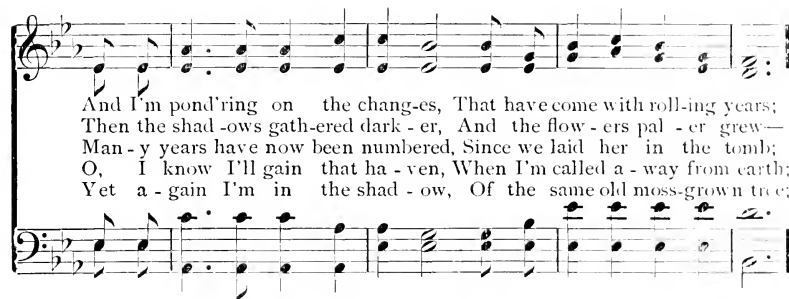
Words and Music by D. O. CULVER.



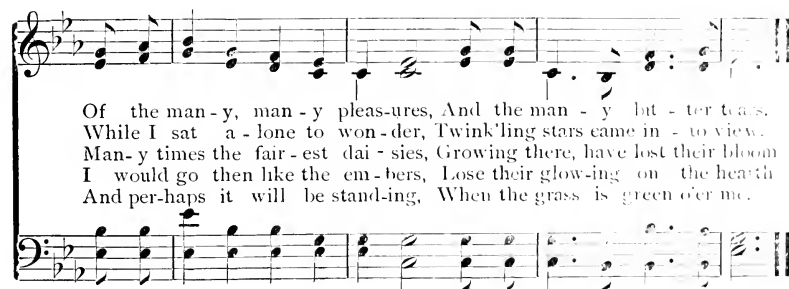
1. I am stand - ing in the shad - ow, Of the same old moss-grown tree;
 2. Once a fair one sat be - side me, Oft - en at the close of day;
 3. And the brightest one there beaming Seen a - far thro' tear-dimmed eyes;
 4. Now it seems but lit - tle long - er, Earth can hold my spir - it here;
 5. Still the tree is grow - ing tall - er, With its branch - es far, ther out;



Where I sat in days of boy-hood, When young life was fair to me.
 But one morning she was car - ried By the an - gels, far a - way.
 Seemed to point be - yond its shin - ing, To a land with fair - er skies.
 That I'll meet the loved and lost ones, In a land where falls no tear.
 And new a - corns thick are ly - ing, On the green - sward round a - bout



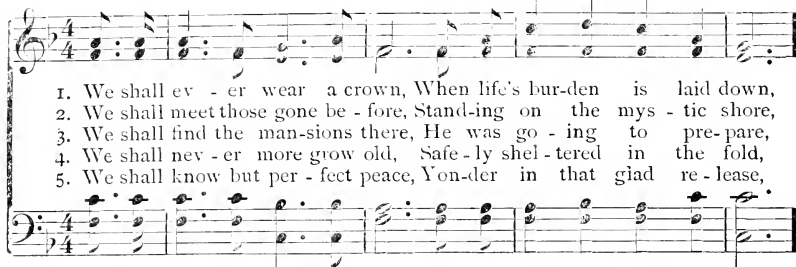
And I'm pond'ring on the chang - es, That have come with roll - ing years;
 Then the shad - ows gath - ered dark - er, And the flow - ers pal - er grew—
 Man - y years have now been numbered, Since we laid her in the tomb;
 O, I know I'll gain that ha - ven, When I'm called a - way from earth;
 Yet a - gain I'm in the shad - ow, Of the same old moss-grown tree;



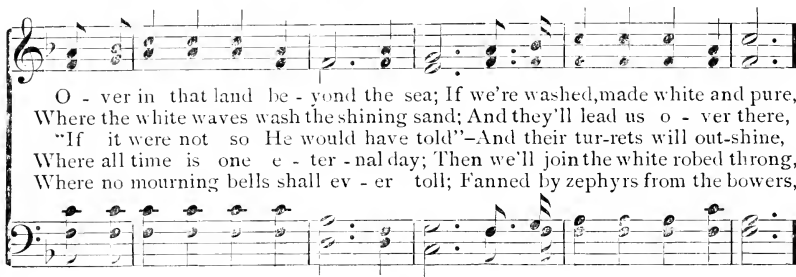
Of the man - y, man - y pleas - ures, And the man - y bit - ter tears.
 While I sat a - lone to won - der, Twink'ling stars came in - to view.
 Man - y times the fair - est dai - sies, Growing there, have lost their bloom
 I would go then like the em - bers, Lose their glow - ing on the hearth
 And per - haps it will be stand - ing, When the grass is green o'er me.

No. 3. WE SHALL EVER WEAR A CROWN.

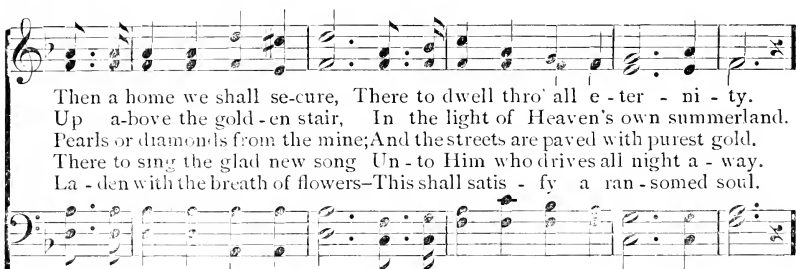
Words and Music by D. O. CULVER.



1. We shall ev - er wear a crown, When life's bur - den is laid down,
 2. We shall meet those gone be - fore, Stand - ing on the mys - tic shore,
 3. We shall find the man - sions there, He was go - ing to pre - pare,
 4. We shall nev - er more grow old, Safe - ly shel - tered in the fold,
 5. We shall know but per - fect peace, Yon - der in that glad re - lease,

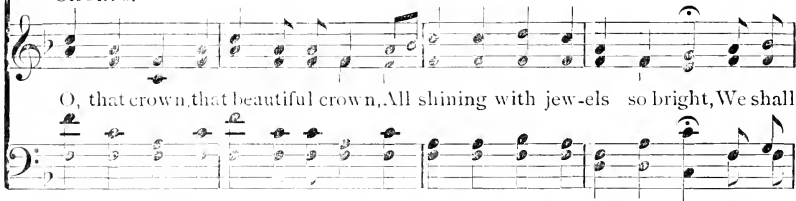


O - ver in that land be - yond the sea; If we're washed, made white and pure,
 Where the white waves wash the shining sand; And they'll lead us o - ver there,
 "If it were not so He would have told" - And their tur - rets will out - shine,
 Where all time is one e - ter - nal day; Then we'll join the white robed throng,
 Where no mourning bells shall ev - er toll; Fanned by zephyrs from the bowers,

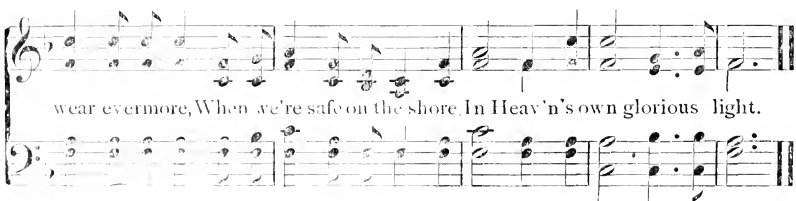


Then a home we shall se - cure, There to dwell thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 Up a - bove the gold - en stair, In the light of Heaven's own summerland.
 Pearls or diamonds from the mine; And the streets are paved with purest gold.
 There to sing the glad new song Un - to Him who drives all night a - way.
 La - den with the breath of flowers - This shall satis - fy a ran - somed soul.

CHORUS.



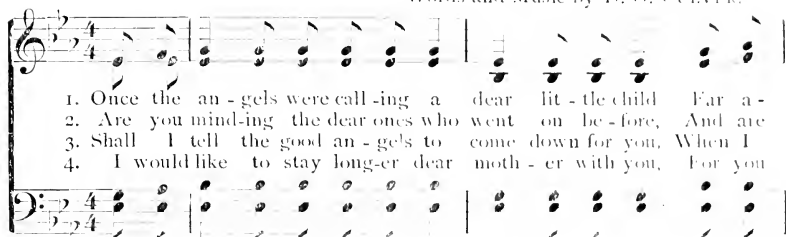
O, that crown, that beautiful crown, All shining with jew - els so bright, We shall



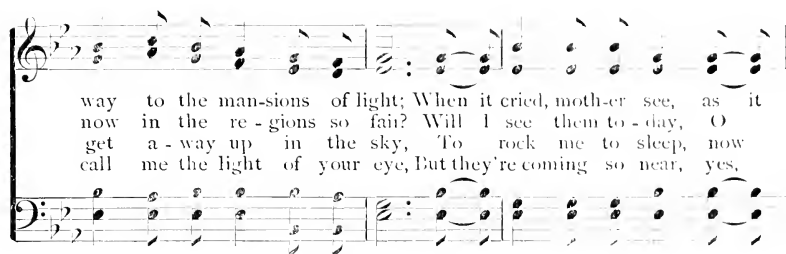
wear evermore, When we're safe on the shore In Heav'n's own glorious light.

No. 4. SEE! THE ANGELS ARE COMING.

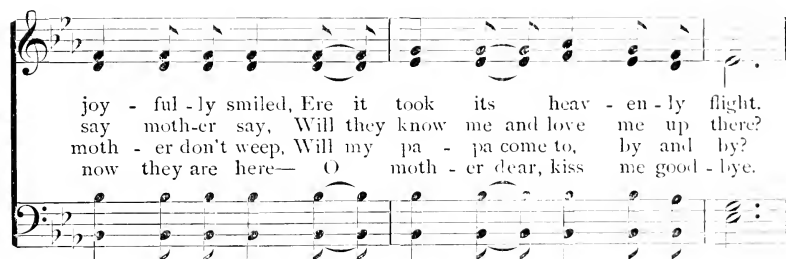
Words and Music by D. O. CULVER.



1. Once the an - gels were call - ing a dear lit - tle child Far a -
 2. Are you mind - ing the dear ones who went on be - fore, And are
 3. Shall I tell the good an - gels to come down for you, When I
 4. I would like to stay long - er dear moth - er with you, For you

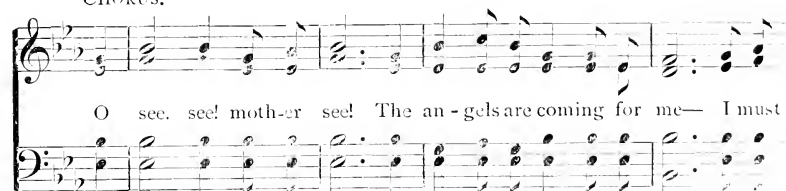


way to the man - sions of light; When it cried, moth - er see, as it
 now in the re - gions so fair? Will I see them to - day, O
 get a - way up in the sky, To rock me to sleep, now
 call me the light of your eye, But they're coming so near, yes,

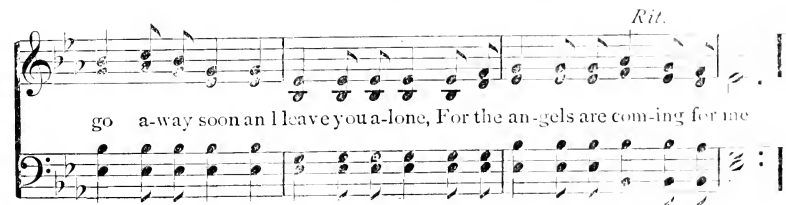


joy - ful - ly smiled, Ere it took its heav - en - ly flight.
 say moth - er say, Will they know me and love me up there?
 moth - er don't weep, Will my pa - pa come to, by and by?
 now they are here— O moth - er dear, kiss me good - bye.

CHORUS.



O see, see! moth - er see! The an - gels are coming for me— I must



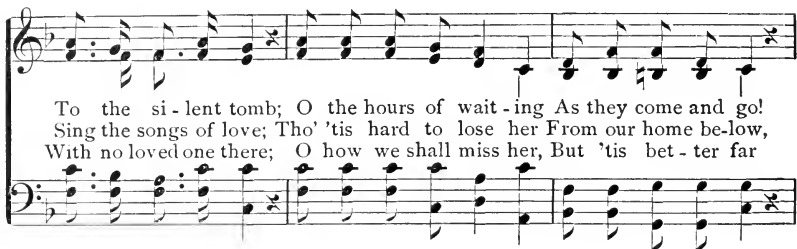
go a - way soon an I leave you a - lone, For the an - gels are com - ing for me

No. 5. WAITING FOR DEATH'S ANGEL.

Words and Music by D. O. CULVER.

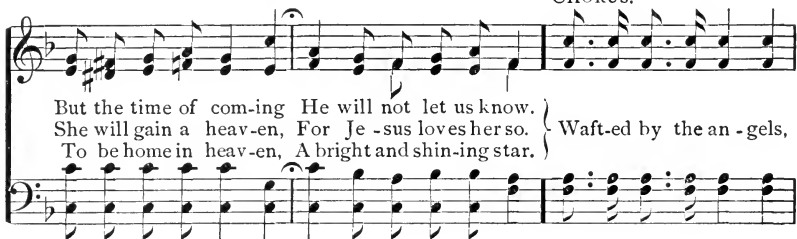


1. Waiting for death's angel In a darkened room, To take a-way our dar-ling
2. But her spir-it sure-ly Will soar to realms a - bove, where she will with an-gels
3. When she's gone and left us, And the va-cant chair Stands be-side the ta - ble

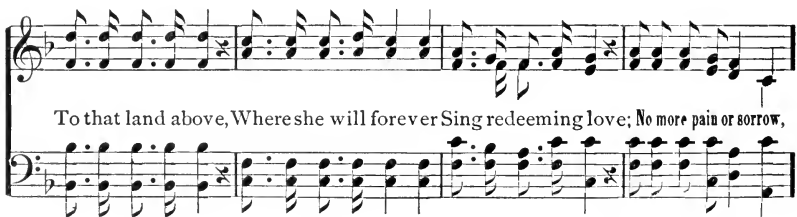


To the si - lent tomb; O the hours of wait - ing As they come and go!
Sing the songs of love; Tho' 'tis hard to lose her From our home be-low,
With no loved one there; O how we shall miss her, But 'tis bet - ter far

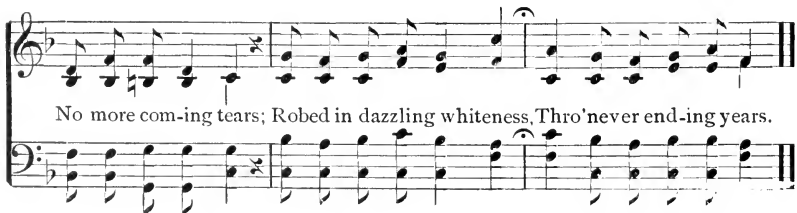
CHORUS.



But the time of com-ing He will not let us know. }
She will gain a heav-en, For Je - sus loves her so. } Waft-ed by the an - gels,
To be home in heav-en, A bright and shin-ing star. }



To that land above, Where she will forever Sing redeeming love; No more pain or sorrow,



No more com-ing tears; Robed in dazzling whiteness, Thro' never end-ing years.

WAITING FOR MY SAVIOUR.

TUNE, NO. 5.

Waiting for my Savior,
Patiently and long ;
To call me home to heaven,
This is all my song.
He will send His angels,
To beckon me on high ;
If I'm only faithful,
Until the by and by.

CHORUS—Wafted by the angels,
To that land above ;
Where we will forever,
Sing redeeming love.
No more pain or sorrow,
No more coming tears ;
Robed in dazzling whiteness
Through never ending years.

Be it soon or later,
When I'm called away ;
If I'm only ready,
'Twill be a joyful day !
For I'll meet with loved ones,
To bid me welcome there,
Bearing palms of vic'try,
Above the golden stair.

O the glorious vision,
Falling on my sight ;
Sorrow changed to gladness,
Dissipating night.
Clothed in raiment spotless,
Heaven's own liv'ry sheen ;
There to dwell forever,
In bowers of living green.

Time is not recorded,
In that happy land ;
From the glass there's dropping,
Not a grain of sand.
Summer never ending,
Marketh not the year ;
One long day unclouded,
And shining bright and clear.

No 6. THERE COMES A GLAD DAY.

Words and Music by D. O. CULVER.



1. Some-times our joys are all shad-owed be-low, And
2. Some-times a tear will not come to the eye, Our
3. Some-times the path-way is rug-ged and steep, With
4. Some-times our loved ones are go-ing be-fore, And
5. O! what shall we find in that mys-ti-cal land? Land
6. Not 'till we a-wake in the re-gions of light, Shall



ming-led with sor-row and pain; But there comes a glad day when
 hearts are too full and too sore; But light shall break through, the
 lights growing dim by the way; Fear not, the Shep-herd will
 we a-while long-er must stay; But we'll find them a-gain when
 of the im-mor-tal and fair! What songs shall be sung by the
 all of its won-ders be known; When no long-er the veil is ob-



nev-er a woe, Shall dark-en the vis-ion a-gain.
 clouds will roll by, And sor-row will come nev-er more.
 come for His sheep, He nev-er will lead them a-stray.
 part-ing is o'er, All fair in the sun-light of day.
 an-gel-ic band? When at last, at last we are there.
 scur-ing our sight, And the Sav-ior has gath-ered His own



CHORUS.



Yes, there comes a glad day far o-ver the way, Pe-




THERE COMES A GLAD DAY--Continued.

Handwritten musical score for the song "There Comes a Glad Day". The score is written on two systems of staves. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff, both in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.


yond the con - fines of the tomb, When heav - en's full light shall

ban - ish the night, Dis - pell - ing all sor - row and gloom.







1. I'm wear - y, so wear - y and lone - ly to-night, A - wait - ing the
 2. As back-ward I'm look-ing to years long gone by, Oft com - eth a
 3. And long-ings will ev - er be com - ing to me— For the mind is




morn-ing when com-eth the light To scat - ter the shad-ows that
 long-ing, a tear-drop, a sigh; And I long to be liv - ing them
 just like the un - rest-ing sea; And fan - cy a - gain will



make it so dark, And show me one gleaming of hope's coming ark; Re-
 o - ver a-gain, Tho' all the while knowing I'm long - ing in vain; I'm
 paint on my sky, Bright pictures of life in the sweet by and by— And



call-ing some things that I glad - ly would blot, And sigh-ing for some-
 nev - er con-tent-ed with things of to - day, Nor learn how to prize them
 thus I would have it that while life shall last, My mem - o - ry ev -



thing, I can - not tell what; And thus I am think-ing and
 till they've vanished a - way; And noth - ing that's bet - ter, or a
 er shall cling to the past— And al - ways be shin - ing hope's

IN THIS LIFE ONLY--Continued.

dreaming al - way, Of something far bet - ter in life's com - ing day.
thing that will last; Will come in the fu - ture if judged by the past.
beau - ti - ful star, Tho' shin - ing but dim - ly and beam - ing a - far



No. 8. THERE'S A RIFTING IN THE CLOUDS.

Words and Music by D. O. CULVER.



1. There's a rift-ing in the clouds, Where all was dark be - fore; There's a
2. There'll be mu-sic there in Heav'n, When my pilgrimage is o'er; There'll be
3. There'll be gladness there in Heav'n, When I reach that blissful shore; There'll be
4. I will meet my friends in Heav'n, Where we shall part no more; I will



rift - ing in the clouds Right in front of Heav - en's door; And I
mu - sic there in Heav'n, As I nev - er heard be - fore; For the
glad - ness there in Heav'n, When I en - ter Heav - en's door; There I'll
meet my friends in Heav'n, Ver - y close to Heav - en's door; And their



know that I am drift-ing, Ev - er, ev - er toward the rift-ing, To the
an - gels will be sing-ing, Thro' the realms of Heaven ring-ing, All trans-
see my Sav - ior standing, He will meet me at the landing, Where the
robes will be the whit - est, And their crowns will shine the brightest, And one



light that's nev - er shift - ing From the front of Heav - en's door.
port - ing mu - sic bring-ing, To souls who wea - ry nev - er more.
old ship shall be strand - ing, Which has borne me safe - ly o'er.
soul will feel the light - est When they let him in the door.



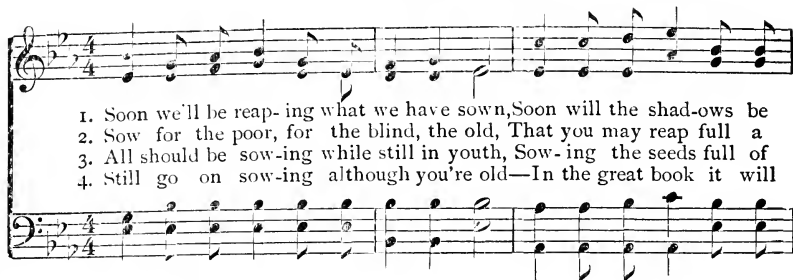
THERE'S A RIFTING IN THE CLOUDS--Continued.

CHORUS.

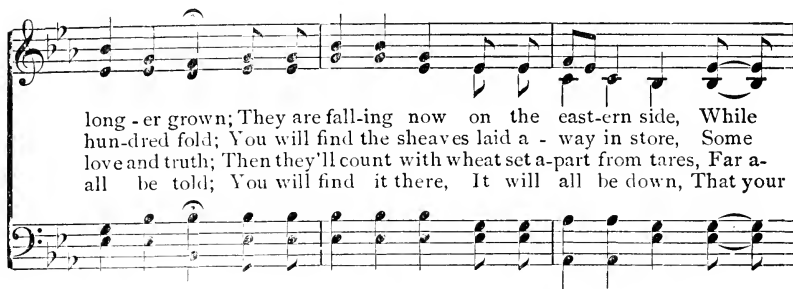
Now, I will not be re - pin - ing, For I see the sil - ver
lin - ing, Where the sun is bright - ly shin - ing, Right in front of Heav'n's door.



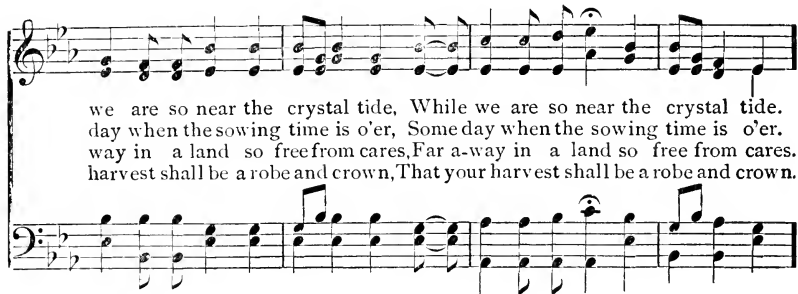
Words and Music by D. O. CULVER.



1. Soon we'll be reap- ing what we have sown, Soon will the shad-ows be
 2. Sow for the poor, for the blind, the old, That you may reap full a
 3. All should be sow-ing while still in youth, Sow- ing the seeds full of
 4. Still go on sow-ing although you're old—In the great book it will

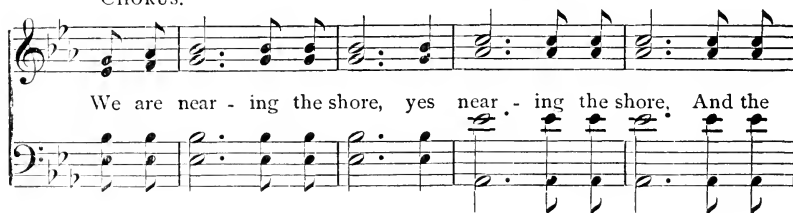


long - er grown; They are fall-ing now on the east-ern side, While
 hun-dred fold; You will find the sheaves laid a - way in store, Some
 love and truth; Then they'll count with wheat set a-part from tares, Far a-
 all be told; You will find it there, It will all be down, That your



we are so near the crystal tide, While we are so near the crystal tide.
 day when the sowing time is o'er, Some day when the sowing time is o'er.
 way in a land so free from cares, Far a-way in a land so free from cares.
 harvest shall be a robe and crown, That your harvest shall be a robe and crown.

CHORUS.



We are near - ing the shore, yes near - ing the shore, And the

WE SHALL REAP--Continued.

sowing time will soon be o'er, Then we'll sow good seed both pure and sound, Broad-
cast on our way in fallow ground, Broadcast on our way in fallow ground.





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